

Boston Reserve Closet

BOSTON  
RESERVE  
CLOSET




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CATALOGUE AND NOTES

FOR

THE SAMPLE EXHIBITION



8078.154

*PAINT AND CLAY CLUB*

AT CHASE'S ART GALLERY

BOSTON, 1885





Compliments of W. T. C.

8078.154

NOTE.

N. B. The Salon numbers have been carefully, and we think wisely, erased from the frames which surround these paintings, and also the labels, such as "Hors Concours," etc., because they detract from the effectiveness of the pictures.





# SAMPLE EXHIBITION

BY THE

## PAINT AND CLAY CLUB

BOSTON, 1885

SHOWING THE TENDENCIES OF THE  
VARIOUS SCHOOLS

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### NO. 1. RUSH TURN-HER.

AS YOU LIKE IT. A Dream! A Poem! A Reverie! An Ecstasy! A Subterfuge! What shall I call it? I am in despair. 'Tis but the expression of a moment. I caught it as it flitted by. Oh, the exquisite supremeness of such a moment! How subtle! How delicate! How utterly intangible, infinite, incomprehensible! How thin!

P. S. (*From Note-Book.*) Worked three minutes and a half on this marvel of loveliness, and then 't was gone! gone forever! No, not forever, for my rapid record is truth itself, and will live like truth eternal. Ah! I am quite undone and exhausted with excitement, but am satisfied with the result.

### NO. 2. JOHN S.'s SERGEANT.

The following quotation is a sufficiently graphic description of this masterly performance:—

“GREAT ATTRACTION THIS WEEK!  
SERGEANT'S DIME MUSEUM!

*One Week only!*

The Peerless Beauty in her great balancing act, entitled

NATURE DEFIED!

Also, the renowned Paint and Clay Club Colored Artists (late of the Boston Art Club), in the roaring farce,

LEND ME FIVE CENTS!”

**No. 3. TURNER'S SLAVE-SHIP.**

"IT IS A SUNSET on the Atlantic after prolonged storm ; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low, broad upheaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep drawn breath after the tortures of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, — the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley the tossing waves, by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild forms, fitfully, furiously, as the under-strength of the swell compels or permits them, leaving between them treacherously smooth spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-light fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of gold, crimson, and scarlet, and give to the reckless the added motion of their own coloring. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the waves are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming blood with the sunlight, — and cast far — Oh! dear, what can I say more?" J. R.

**No. 4. BASTIEN LE FARCE.**

JOAN, A PEASANT GIRL of Chelsea, while engaged as usual on blue Monday, suddenly feels the blue strike in. Raising her arm in agony of despair, clutching the thin air with her withered hand, while her hard features, somewhat softened by steaming

suds, gives way to an expression of utter gone-and-give-it-upedness, she exclaims:—

“Begorra, an’ did oi iver think oi was a comin’ to this? There’s thim fellers a-drinkin’ an’ a-brawlin’ wid moi Moike in the kitchen, and faith they’ll be afther thinkin’ that oi’m willin’ to be a-rubbin’ moi knuckle-bones bare, a makin’ a livin’ fur thim. Arra! the rogues; oi’ll shtand it no moore. Oi’ll go and have wan meself!”

### No. 5. I. M. GAUGANDSMILE.

#### DISPARITÉ.

Mine Gott! I’ve arrifed doo lade for dat augshun, und I vanted more of dose Louis XVI. und Henri IV. old glothes und second-hand plum-colored ulsdereddes, — dey fid so nize mit all doze wrinkles! Vat shall I do? I fly mit Abraham’s boosum! I must run myself mid my sword droo!

### No. 6. V. P. FINTON.

#### STILL LIFE.

N. B. — The machine was slightly out of focus. *Mais ça ne fait rien.*

### No. 7. E. B. SMISS.

#### NOUVEAUTÉ DE BRETAGNE.

The highest praise is too slight reward for the fortunate man who finds and makes record of such a rare and notable novelty.

Seldom have such creatures been seen upon earth, and we should keep their memory green.

### No. 8. C. F. PURRSE.

THIS HERD OF CATTLE was attacked at one and the same time by the painter and an equally persistent dreadful disease. At the end of the second sitting, in spite of novel appliances (worth patenting) by the painter, the D. D. got the better of the situation, and the sketch, so well begun, was never finished.

“We mourn our loss.”



**No. 9. J. J. ANYTHING.**

## NOVEMBER TWILIGHT.

O gloomy swamp! O cork black and raw sienna! How well dost thou accord with my melancholy feelings! O white Birch, let fall thy leaves — the yellow tears of the world's misery. The old problem of Being stares unsolved out of this strange mystery. We should call it Schopenhauer's if we only really knew whether it was intellectually subjective or unintellectually objective. To such a spot Hamlet might appropriately have carried his awful agony — or Ophelia might have found a picturesque inducement to suicide. We suppose that this picture represents a poetic frog-pond near Hyde Park. It can never be painted too often. This particular view is taken from the extreme N. E. half South corner of the favorite pool. Before visiting the place it would be advisable to procure a caoutchouc covering and a goodly flask of anti-fogmatic.

"My heart 's in the Highlands,  
My heart 's not here."

**No. 10. R. W. WONNOH! Oh! Oh!**

## THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The missing limb, having been found in a corner of the gallery, was kindly attached to the frame by one of the members of the jury, for the simple reason that there did not seem to be room for it in the picture. In calling attention to the striking truth to nature in this really remarkable portrait, we would suggest that the same effect might have been reached by the employment of real stuffs and real hair.

**No. 11. I. H. GALLAGHER.**

## PORTRAIT OF A FAN.

At first glance we were puzzled; did not know whether we had before us a picture of a bonnet or of a waterfall — or both. But finally the truth dawned upon us, and the inner conscious-

ness of this masterpiece of technical skill unfolded itself to our wondering eyes. Art of arts! The beauty is well concealed, but still 't is there, and palpitates behind the fan! What a world of subtle suggestiveness! The observer is left to imagine a picture to suit himself.

### No. 12. GEO. R. BOSS, JR.

#### FANTASIE.

DESIGN FOR COVER OF ———. With a suggestion of "We won't go home till morning." The grace of line from end to end is worthy of careful study.

### No. 13. J. F. MILLET.

#### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

In the presence of this great master we should have very little to say, he has so well said all. However, we would call particular attention to the prominence of the female figure, to the graceful and easy movement of the old gentleman, and the pose of the singing-bird at his right hand, presumably chanting, "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by," as the fair creature disappears in perspective and perspiration toward the setting sun.

### No. 14. J. B. JOHNSING.

#### THE REAPERS.

This invention has not yet been patented, but for a light going, easy running, automatic machine, we cheerfully recommend it to all engaged in agricultural pursuits. Warranted to cut an acre per hour. The construction is entirely original. Neither science, nature, nor art, has produced so unusual a creation since history began. The anatomical excellence has never been equaled, and the grace of contour is certainly without parallel.

EDITOR'S NOTE. — A writer in an evening paper having claimed that "Johnsing knew he was painting the cows and they knew it too;" that "he saw the landscape through their eyes and brain;" and having in other phrases insinuated that Mr. J. was inside the

cow, at least at intervals, we take this opportunity of stating that Mr. J. remembers *nearly* all that occurred, and he denies it!

### No. 15. MARK US A. WATER-MAN.

RUE DE SPHINX.

Here we are landed in North Africa! and what do we see? Evidently the entrance to a palace with a blue tiled roof. From the upper window can be seen the spot where Israel once sat by the flesh-pots of Egypt. The land of the Pharaohs and crocodiles. Here the bric-a-brac hunter seeks for the thread of Cleopatra's needle in deep shadows, where the mercury registers 120° F. Balaam and his spouse are seen mounting the steps. The rest of the family remain below.

### No. 16. BOSS TURNURE.

TWO SKETCHES made when this celebrated artist was, as nearly as we can remember, about five years of age. He evinced a remarkable talent at an early age, having drawn his breath when a mere child. He now draws checks with equal facility. You will notice that the style formed so early in life has been religiously adhered to up to the present time, — brilliancy, simplicity, rapidity, — fugitive effects, fugitive thoughts, fugitive pictures.

### No. 17. GEORGE VULLER.

PORTRAIT.

So highly prized are the works of this artist that it was with extreme difficulty the Committee could secure a specimen. This one seems rather unfinished; but the newspaper critics, having discovered that five years were spent on this work in alternate washings and glazings, pronounce it an unequaled masterpiece. Such praise alone entitles it to careful study.

### No. 18. W. F. WHOLESALE.

BUG LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.

With feelings of most profound gratitude do we thank the artist for this contribution, knowing, as we do, that if he should



fill all his orders, he would be obliged to live at least a thousand years. And how much he has given us (for the money). Buoy after buoy (big ones too), tug after tug, ship after ship leading the eye to the far horizon, to say nothing of the ice water thrown in with perfect abandon. Then there is twice as much perspective in this as one finds in ordinary pictures, and that is saying a good deal.

### No. 19. EMIL SNARLSON.

#### STILL LIFE.

This genial master gives us another of his brilliant conceptions and rich compositions. Full to repletion (the picture) color-line, chiaro-scuro. What more do you wish? Both the color-line and chiaro-scuro seem to have an affinity with the fifteenth amendment, but we cannot quite make it out. The sculpin, having absorbed the contents of the black bottle, proceeds quietly to the smelt in the foreground. There is no doubt but that he is on the right scent. His other works all have the odor of truth — whatever that is.

### No. 20. GEORGE S. SWASHUM.

#### CLAM BOATS AT ANCHOR.

Full of peace and glowing color, as usual with this natural artist. How limpid and translucent the water! How diaphanous the sky! He is evidently well up in dioptrics. What patience these poor fishermen show! They have been on the ground since morning and have caught nothing but the influenza. The action in this picture is even more marked than the reaction on the artist — which was as zero to infinity.

### No. 21. F. W. RODGERS.

#### PERVERSTY.

As the *plat du jour* does not please this young thoroughbred, he endeavors to dine *à la carte*.

**No. 22. V. P. FINTON.**

## PORTRAIT.

Remarkable for careful draughtsmanship, and study of color and proportion. In the struggle to live the artist is often reduced to "neck or nothing," and is frequently grateful that there is no more neck.

**No. 23. S. EDWIN TO-BE, OR NOT TO-BE.**

## PLAN FOR A SEASIDE CHAPEL.

This chapel was erected B. C. 403. It survived the Decline and Fall-off. The reason the cliff has not since been washed away is owing to the substantial and ponderous character of the structure on its edge. We build for posterity.

**No. 24. J. PH. RIND.**

## PLAN FOR A REVERSIBLE UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL BUILDING, COLLEGE HILL, MASS.

No comment is necessary. This design speaks for itself.

**No. 25. I. M. GAUGANDGIGGLE.**

Extremely valuable sketch, loaned for this exhibition, and will not be seen elsewhere.

**No. 26. I. H. GALLAGHER.**

## A FLAW IN THE TITLE.

Im Sprechzimmer des Aertzes, oder, Nach Hilfe suchend. Composed and constructed during the tender years of the artist's life.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A LADY,

*WHO PAINTS FOR HER OWN AMAZEMENT,*

**WILL TAKE A FEW PUPILS**

**IN THE SAME SPECIALTY.**

---

AN ART STUDENT,

*Whose health will not permit him to study between meals,*

DESIRES TO

**ABANDON ART, AND BECOME A CRITIC.**

He has watched the papers, and feels sure that he has acquired  
a method of off-hand discrimination.





The Publication of  
THE COMPLETE MANGLER;  
OR,  
*The Critic's Vocabulary of Words  
and Stock Phrases,*

HAS BEEN POSTPONED TO FLUSH TIMES.

---

AN ARTIST

*Who has suffered many years from an Inflamed Palette,*

DESIRES TO STATE THAT HE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY

CURED BY THE USE OF A PREPARATION OF BITUMEN.

---

SOLD ONLY BY THE STICK, LIKE GLUE.





































































































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